

Earths GMagus 401

Chapter 401: Waste Time

Emery had not been visiting Killgragah for some period of time now. The last time he visited the dragon was before the Tournament started. Added with his severely wounded condition, plus all the prince and princess drama happening to him, it had been almost three weeks since his last visit.

Emery could only sigh and make his way over, as he had also been behind in his training.

It had been two months since his return from the academy and his spirit force had only increased from 193 (118) to 217 (142).

An increase of 24 points within two months might have looked and sounded quite decent, but not when the reason for this was only because he absorbed the Void Crystal.

In fact, 15 of 24 newly gained spirit force came from the absorption, meaning Emery only managed to increase his spirit force by 9 points in two months!

He believed his four friends could reach better results even without the help of the Khaos space.

With his current rate, Emery would even be considered extremely lucky to be able to pass the 300 spirit force mark before the next recall.

He couldn't imagine how he could reach the 500 spirit force mark needed to become a rank 9 acolyte.

Hence, Emery had no more time to waste. His awaited, long-postponed training had to start now.

Somehow, Emery had a bad hunch, a premonition this time it would not be easy nor flexible for him to get in and out Khaos space as he wished.

Therefore, before he opened the portal to the Khaos space, Emery decided to prepare any necessities he might need, as he planned to spend a few weeks training there.

Emery prepared a substantial amount of supplies for himself, ranging from food, beverages and so on. He also decided to bring some unique and exquisite food and beverage for the dragon. He put all of those in his personal spatial storage.

Afterwards, he brought Morgana to the hill where the stone formation lay.

Morgana and some of the Fey actually knew about Emery's activity around the stone ruins and were suspicious about it, but they didn't know what exactly was going on with it. Some of them obviously wanted to ask Emery about it, but they held themselves back in account of the High Priestess.

Seeing the curious gaze she showed to him, Emery said, "Here is actually the place where I am going to train. I will spend a lot of time here."

Emery had explained to Morgana about the dragon that helped him train before, but now he told her the location, so as to let her know where she should go to find him, if there was anything urgent that required his help.

One particular thing Emery was looking for was any information about Meave, as the witch had been a thorn in his ever since. He told Morgana that if any new information came up he wanted to know right away within the shortest delay.

As for how Emery was supposed to know what happened outside, there was a small window within the Khaos space that would allow him to know if there was someone looking for him and Emery assigned Morgana to be the 'someone', as only she knew about this.

Once again, Emery explained how important his training was to Morgana in fear that she would misunderstand him. Moreover, he promised the girl he would make time to train her as soon as possible. As for now, it would be better for her if she focused on her studies with the Tutor.

Morgana carefully listened to Emery's words and nodded her head. Seeing that the girl understood, Emery swiftly opened up a [Spatial Gate] and entered the Khaos space.

After crossing the gate, Emery once again found himself in a dark corridor. He swiftly walked past it as he entered into a dark, open space. Afterwards, he shifted his gaze to the corner where Killgragah should be and bowed while saying,

"Ooh Supreme Being, your humble subject has returned."

Emery waited for a reply while keeping his bow. Surprisingly, there was no reply even after several minutes of silence.

Because of that, Emery immediately became worried. Normally, there would be several torches that would light themselves after he said his greetings. But there weren't any this time.

Realizing he wouldn't go anywhere if he remained still, Emery braved himself to step further.

"Supreme Being... Are you there?"

All of a sudden, Emery's vision caught an ember coming into existence. At first, he thought it was a torch that was lit. Thus his face greatly changed when the small ember suddenly turned into a large fireball that flew towards him.

"Wwwooooaa!!"

Emery swiftly dodged the incoming fireball by rolling his body on the ground. It went past him and hit the wall behind him, causing a large explosion that blew him away.

Then, before Emery could discern what had happened, the dark suddenly replaced by bright flame and a large black dragon emerged from the shadow.

"How dare you return, boy?!!"

The dragon Killgragah, in his rage, once again spit out flame from its mouth. Emery was sure that, if it weren't for the chains that bound his limbs, the dragon might have run up to him and trampled him under his huge feet.

Immediately, Emery casted [Blink] as he appeared at another corner of the space.

"Wow, calm down! What's going on? What did I do?"

Upon hearing Emery's words, the dragon roared, "You dare to ask, boy?! I'm checking if you are too tough already!"

Seeing that the dragon was preparing another ball, Emery swiftly put his hands in the air. "Wait, wait! Listen to me, I really have my reasons!"

The dragon stopped its action because of Emery's words. "You have your reasons?" Seeing the latter nod his head quickly, the dragon commented,

"This better be a valid reason, kid. Or else..."

Emery heaved a sigh of relief when he saw the dragon extinguishing the fireball. He was about to explain when the dragon, as usual, probed his mind searching for his so-called reasons.

Seconds later, just as Emery thought everything was in order, the dragon suddenly spat another fireball at him. Worse, this time it was even bigger than the previous one.

"Supreme Being, what are you doing?!" Emery said loudly, as he barely dodged the fireball.

Killgragah glared at Emery and roared, "You stupid human! How can you be defeated by that witch?! You really are an embarrassment !!"

Chapter 402: Training

Inside the dark, open space, two figures of completely different stature could be seen together. The smaller figure appeared to be doing its best to please the bigger figure, as one could see the latter nodding its head at the former's words.

It took Emery more than a dozen dragon ass-kissing words, as well as all of his prepared treats to calm the dragon down.

After making sure the dragon had completely calmed down, without further ado, Emery once again picked a corner in the open space, sat down in the lotus form and began feeling the Khaos energy that flowed through his surroundings.

Not long after, Emery could feel the thick spirit aura gradually entering his body in a rapid manner. Feeling the familiar sensation, he swiftly directed it towards his spirit core and filled its entirety.

At the moment, Emery sat staunchly, while his mind was in full concentration mode, channeling all the spirit energy that flowed into his core to all of the nerve points of his body.

This time, Emery was truly committed, as he vowed he would focus on nothing and think nothing other than his cultivation.

Faint glimmers of lights could be seen all around Emery's body, as his spirit force gradually increased in a slow and steady manner.

...

[Spirit force increased]

[Spirit force increased]

The wonderful train of notifications in his mind motivated Emery to continue and persist on what he was doing at the moment. He kept his eyes closed, while his thoughts were focused on cultivation.

...

[Spirit force increased]

[Spirit force increased]

Emery opened his eyes, as another notification appeared in his mind. A faint smile could be seen on his face as he thought of his gain.

A total of 4 spirit forces increased within one week. With him fully concentrating on absorbing the Khaos energy, Emery managed to exponentially increase his rate of improvement.

After filling his stomach with the supplies he had brought, Emery once again fell into a meditative state.

...

[Spirit force increased]

[Spirit force increased]

...

[Battle power increased]

After two weeks of constant cultivation, Emery was finally able to reach the milestones he had set for himself, which was an increase of 8 spirit forces.

Without further ado, he swiftly checked the symbol on his hand to see his current stats. In an instant, a familiar window appeared in his mind.

[Emery Ambrose]

[Battle Power : 50 (35)]

[Spirit Force : 225 (150)]

[Plant Spirit – Mid-Foundation]

[Water Spirit – Mid-Foundation]

[Earth Spirit – Mid-Foundation]

[Spirit Core of Darkness – Stage 4]

[Fey Bloodline – Rank 3]

[Acolyte Rank: 7]

Emery could clearly feel that with his current situation, where he once again had 150 spirit force, his dark core could pump a out stronger force, which automatically translated into stronger spells.

Two weeks worth of sitting caused Emery to assume he would receive severe cramps when he tried to move, but no such a thing happened which was good. Immediately after getting up, Emery tried to cast his Tier 4 spells.

He drove all the spirit energy in his dark core into its maximum and channeled it into one of his arms, as he was casting the spell.

[Dark Matter - Tier 4 Darkness Spell]

In an instant, fogs of shadow swiftly materialized before they coalensed into a pure black energy sphere that floated above his palm.

Afterwards, Emery gave his best to maintain its current form while trying to compress it into the smallest size he could possibly do at the moment. This was because the more the spell was compressed, the stronger it would become.

The fluctuations the spell caused obviously piqued Killgragah as it eyed Emery, or rather, the shrinking sphere on his hand with interest.

"That looks like one strong Dark Matter spell, kid." the dragon commented. "Hahaha... I told you this cultivation path was the best for you and now you can see by yourself how correct my words were."

Moments later, Emery was no longer able to compress the spell, which could either mean the spell had already reached its peak or he wasn't strong enough to push it further. Seeing that, Killgragah told him to throw the spell at it, as the dragon wanted to test its prowess directly.

Hearing that, Emery was naturally glad, as he also had the same intention to test the spell.

"Alright! Get ready!"

Since it was a short to medium range spell, Emery dashed towards the dragon, before pushing the sphere when he reached a distance of a few steps away from it.

The black sphere rapidly shot through the air towards the dragon. But then, unlike Emery's expectation, the sphere immediately disappeared into nothingness the moment it reached one step away from the dragon.

The spell couldn't even touch the latter, much less hurt it.

"Still far from being useful, that spell..." Killgragah commented with a sigh, clearly disappointed by the result.

On the other hand, Emery also released his own sigh. It was indeed disheartening to see firsthand that his strongest offensive spell had no effect. However, he didn't wallow in it for long, as he immediately casted his second Tier 4 spell.

Being once again able to cast tier 4 spells, he was much more confident to fight Meave again.

This time, it took Emery quite some time to cast it as it was more complicated than [Dark Matter], because it was a combination spell of three different elements.

Three streams of different elements surged through, before converging in his dark core as Emery's body glowed dark green colour.

[Jade Skin]

The appearance of this particular spell caught Killgragah's interest again, even more than when Emery casted [Dark Matter].

"Alright boy! You are probably not as stupid as I thought!" the dragon said as it watched Emery's body slowly being covered. "Now, go and stand in the middle. Yeah, in front of me."

Upon hearing the instruction, Emery instantly knew what the dragon intended to do.

"I am in trouble am I?"

Chapter 403: Nature Grasp

Just as Emery thought, the moment he arrived at the center, Killgragah instantly shot a fire breath at him.

Looking at the approaching red beam, Emery swiftly braced himself to resist it and as the result, the [Jade Skin] apparently was able to withstand the fire. Emery was about to smile at the result when he saw the dragon smirked and blew out another fire breath. This time, the fire was not red, but violet.

Emery could only watch as his body was engulfed by the violet flame. This particular flame reminded him of the one used by Garry the violet flame.

In a matter of seconds, pain swiftly consumed his entire body as his skin gradually burned. But, he could still endure it.

Seeing that, Killgragah nodded its massive head. "Not bad! Now try this!"

This time, the dragon only spat a small ember, but it was black-colored.

From afar, Emery had a very bad feeling as he watched the ember slowly fly at him. He could clearly feel the searing heat before it reached him. However, he still needed to test the [Jade Skin], therefore he prepared himself.

The ember landed on Emery's shoulder and it immediately broke apart and melted the [Jade Skin] there. Excruciating pain instantly ravaged as it seeped into his whole shoulder.

Emery gritted his teeth due to how painful the sensation was. Immediately, he sat down and casted [Nature Blessing] on himself to ease the pain he was currently feeling.

Unfortunately, even though the pain was lessened by the spell, it was unable to stop the burning. It slowly spread to his chest and neck, causing Emery to panic.

This particular flame was on a much different level to the violet one.

At this moment, Killgragah laughed and spat a liquid to his shoulder, exactly where the ember previously landed. Then, the burning finally stopped.

Looking at the relieved Emery, Killgragah asked. "So, what do you learn from this, kid?"

Emery was silent as he pondered what the dragon asked him. For him, at the moment it only proves that the dragon was a bit of an asshole really.

The dragon told him that all the fire the dragon shot was apparently the [Fire Breath]. A spell that was categorized as Tier 2 spell, the [Fire Breath].

Emery was quite amazed as to how such a low rank spell could deliver such extraordinary destruction. It turned out that 'low rank' spells, as he had dubbed, could have such a devastating impact if one had completely mastered the said spells.

The dragon explains how other than higher spirit force, there was such a thing as mastering the spells. Therefore, Killgragah reminded him to not follow the way humans did, having dozens of spells to learn. Instead, focusing on fully mastering a few spells would be the right way.

Unfortunately for him, he already learned all of this in the magus academy, Emery can only take the burning pain in his shoulder as part of the benefits package the Khaos space could offer.

After his shoulder was healed by [Nature Blessing], Emery once again returned to the corner where he previously sat.

This time, he wanted to cast his newly-gained Tier 4 spell [Nature Grasp].

Remembering how the spell was given to him with a few warnings, Emery expected that this spell would be a hard one to cast. Thus, he was dumbfounded when he managed to cast it on his first try.

While sitting in the same lotus position, Emery followed the instruction in his mind and channeled his green spirit energy, guiding it through his core. Immediately, Emery felt as if his whole body opened up, just like breathing, as it started pulling the spirit energy in the surrounding.

Emery was sure the spell was cast as his body created a reaction, but surprisingly, nothing changed.

"Did I cast it wrong?" Emery thought as his mind reviewed the way he cast the spell earlier.

He repeated the spell once again, and this time, was absolutely sure his body reacted to the spell. Still, there was no result. Then, before he could try once again, a loud bellow resounded through the space.

"What did I just tell you about specializing the spells?! Why are you wasting time with another new spell again?!!"

Emery was startled by the roar that he jerked to his feet. Turning to the dragon, he swiftly waved his hand and said,

"Please, great supreme being.. This spell was said to be my family's treasured spell. I hope you can give me some guidance."

Seeing how humble Emery was, Killgragah still decided to tell him about it, albeit unwillingly.

"The spell that you cast is a nature spell. Thus, it's natural for it to not work in Khaos space, which is thoroughly filled with pure darkness energy. You can only see the effect outside."

"Aaa... no wonder." Emery understood. He even wanted to bang his head onto something due to the foolishness.

Without further ado, Emery told Killgrahah his decision to leave the space.

Hearing that, the dragon could only say, "It seems it can't be helped, huh! That spell will really help you advance. So, go! Just make sure to bring me more... good.. stuff."

It had been two weeks since he stayed in the Khaos space, without resting and eating sparingly. Therefore, this could be the good break he needed.

Before leaving, Emery suddenly thought of something. "Oh, great supreme being, I wonder.. I wonder if you will be gracious enough to allow me to bring someone else to this place.

It seemed the question annoyed the dragon as Emery could hear the latter's growl.

"Do you think this place is an inn you can rent out, kid?!"

Emery immediately waved his hand when he heard the dragon's words, denying it.

"No, great supreme being. Of course not. I don't dare."

At this moment he really thought this khaos space could be really useful.

He could easily solve the problem of Arthur's need for spiritual force if he could take Arthur inside. Especially for Morgana who obviously talented in magic. The dragon could even teach her some fire element spells seeing the dragon powerful fire spell before.

He then suddenly thought about his four friends, If they all could access what he's currently having, they would not need to be concerned about the third year at all.

Thinking about the danger they will be facing, Emery was forced to ask again about the possibility of having others access the khaos space.

Emery was expecting the wrath of the dragon, but then he said

"Actually kid, like I said before the answer is behind that door, if you can open it then you will be the chosen master of the khaos. At that time you can do whatever you wish"

Emery sigh, at the end it came back to his progression, he needs to grow stronger fast. He gave a bow to the dragon and opened the Spatial Gate to reach outside.

The moment Emery walked out of the Spatial Gate, he quickly found a spot on one of the stones and sat down in lotus position.

Without wasting any more time, Emery immediately began channeling his spirit energy as he cast the spell again.

[Nature Grasp]

This time, Emery could clearly feel it. His whole body was opening up to the surroundings around him.

The stone he sat on, the grass and trees in the area; he could vividly perceive the energy running within them. It was such an amazing feeling.

All those energy were flowing and connecting to his body, circulating into his spirit core and affecting it - in a positive way.

If [Nature Blessing] was a spell that utilized the green, Plant element spirit energy within him to give into others to heal and recover, this [Nature Grasp] spell was the other way around. It siphoned the energy of his surroundings and channeled into his body. Emery could clearly feel his spirit energy was being refreshed with every passing second.

Emery was so drowned by the sensation the surroundings brought that he nearly became like nature itself. He didn't say nor think anything; he just completely immersed into his surroundings.

Without realizing, Emery had been sitting for hours. He was undisturbed even when the night arrived.

Just like this, one day turned into two, two into three, and so on. Emery had become like a statue, sitting there peacefully.

Until finally, on the fifth day, he was roused awake by a notification that appeared in his mind.

[Your spirit force has increased]

[Spirit force 226 (151)]

Emery opened his eyes in delightment. He knows he can increase his spirit force much faster in the khaos space. But what really excited him was that he found that his understanding of nature elements has greatly improved. Something he definitely needs at the moment.

Chapter 404: Gaia

[Spirit force has increased]

At the moment, Emery was completely drawn by the new skill he had, [Nature Grasp]. It allowed him to have a deeper connection to the natural energy around him, which automatically resulted in better progression for his training.

As he had subconsciously spent nearly a week with the skill, Emery swiftly went ahead and made his way to the shrine. He wanted to speak with the High Priestess for guidance.

Emery entered the familiar space where the massive tree was, a melodious and gentle voice suddenly rang in the air, as if it knew he was coming.

"I see you have successfully cast the skill, Emery."

"Yes, High Priestess. That's indeed true..."

High Priestess Nimue smiled at Emery's words. But then, she noticed that the latter's expression was quite troubled.

Therefore, she asked, "What is it?"

"I have something that bothers my mind, High Priestess. And I don't know if I should ask this or not." replied Emery, his tone was without spirit.

"Ask away."

"When I casted the spell, I felt something... strange. Moreover, I felt as if there was something beyond the spirit of the trees, the rivers... as if something was watching. Is what I feel true?"

Upon hearing Emery's words, the High Priestess smiled and said, "Don't worry about it, Emery. After all, you are still learning to control the spell. what you feel, that something beyond, was Gaia itself."

Emery was startled by the unexpected answer. He then asked if the Gaia she was referring to was the massive tree in front of them.

With a light chuckle, the High Priestess answered his inquiry.

"What you see here is just one of the few outlets of Gaia. In fact, Gaia is actually all around us as it is omnipresent on the planet. The spell was function to connect yourself up and to feel the energy of Gaia itself"

Emery nodded his head, as his face slowly showed a sign of realization. He then remembered the sensation he felt when [Nature Grasp] was activated. While the spell was in effect, he didn't just feel the energy of the grasses, but also the roots that continued to the earth itself. It was all connected as a whole.

Probably, this was the Gaia that the High Priestess meant.

Afterwards, Emery asked if casting the spell in the shrine would give him some kind of other benefits, the kind he couldn't receive at other places. Unfortunately, the High Priestess only shook her head.

Apparently, it was all the same and the factor that dictated it was all about the connection between himself and Gaia itself.

Now having a better understanding of the spell, Emery went and started his training again. He planned to spend a few days secluded in the woods, absorbing the natural energy of Gaia. Then, he would go to Khaos space and absorb the khaos energy for a few days as well.

He would also return in between this routine to check on Morgana and his herb garden.

One time, Emery would go to the secret location where he planted the Caracas Flower. Alas, there was still no progress in the latter. Thus, he could only shake his head helplessly and wait patiently till it was ready while hoping for faster growth.

...

Just like that, two months had passed by. Emery had ceaselessly encouraged himself in his cultivation, gathering and absorbing spirit energy.

Now, it has already been 5 months since he came back from the Magic Academy.

Currently, Emery was still in the routine he imposed on himself. He was meditating deep within the woods, in the area where there wasn't even a speck of light that could seep through the thick forest trees.

At this particular moment, he had been completely drawn to his surroundings, becoming one with nature. Then suddenly, Emery felt that the lively green-colored energy inside his body finally gushed into his dark core like a terrifying tsunami. He understood that he finally made his breakthrough.

As expected, a second later, the familiar notification appeared in his mind.

[Congratulations! You have reached a breakthrough in the Plant Element]

[Plant spirit - High Foundation]

'Finally!' Emery exclaimed in his mind while subconsciously let out a smile.

Immediately, he did the nearly-instinctive gesture of checking the symbol on his hand.

[Emery Ambrose]

[Battle Power : 52 (37)]

[Spirit Force : 250 (175)]

[Plant Spirit – High-Foundation]

[Water Spirit – Mid-Foundation]

[Earth Spirit – Mid-Foundation]

[Spirit Core of Darkness – Stage 4]

[Fey Bloodline – Rank 3]

[Acolyte Rank: 7]

In the last 2 months, Emery had managed to increase his spirit force till it reached the bottleneck of rank 7 acolyte. All of this was possible thanks to the darkness energy the Khaos space had and the tremendously helpful [Nature Grasp] spell.

Now, there was only one more thing Emery had to do before he was actually able to increase his rank. He needed to achieve a breakthrough in his understanding of the 4 elements he had, which obviously was no easy matter.

Countless acolytes had failed in their endeavor to achieve higher understanding in their respective element. Thus, one could imagine how difficult the road was for Emery to achieve basically the same thing for 4 elements.

Even so, Emery couldn't afford to give up as there were many things that he wanted to protect.

He softly muttered to himself. "Two more to go... You can do it, Emery."

Standing up, Emery was contemplating on what he should do now. Soon, he walked out of the forest and headed in the direction where his estate was, deciding to take a break to clear his head.

The moment he reached the estate, Emery was surprised and then excited by the delivery of his apothecary tools. In addition, the dozens of plants he planted had also grown nicely in the last two months. He could finally do some apothecary!

Previously, Emery had planned to do nothing as a break. However, the appearance of these tools immediately changed his mind.

He decided to take a break from training by setting up his lab and playing with his new toys.

Emery even specifically took time to use [Spatial Gate] to visit the old magician Gaious at Camelot city. He wanted to share notes on recipes with the old wizard.

While he was looking through Gaious' research and experimental notes in potion and concoction, Emery was surprised to find the old wizard had a human corpse on top of a table at the back of his room.

Noticing where the other party's eyes were, Gaious explained. "Ahh... This is for me to study human anatomy and biology. I hope you take no offense to this, Merlin."

Gaious realized Emery had no reaction to his last words. Thus, he asked. "Are you interested?"

"Yes, I am. Do you mind if you elaborate more?"

In the Apothecary Institute, Emery had spent a lot of time dissecting plants and hundreds of unique ingredients. But he himself never really learnt about the human body.

Just some basic learning of the human body from Granny 2 years ago.

Actually, Emery had heard from the academy how understanding human anatomy would greatly improve one's skill in apothecary; he just had never had the chance to study it. Thus, he immediately jumped at the chance to learn from Gaious about this matter.

Emery believed that, after this round of study with the old wizard, he would be able to come up with new potions that would be beneficial to him and his friends.

With the addition of learning human anatomy, Emery's schedule eventually became wholly occupied that he nearly had no time to even have a meal.

While he indeed had reached the bottleneck in his spirit force, Emery would still prioritize his cultivation training to gain breakthroughs in the other two elements; the earth and water.

He would sometimes go training inside the caves or next to a waterfall cultivating his understanding of the two elements.

During this time, Emery sometimes heard about the news of the kingdoms, unfortunately, there was no information about Meave, none at all. It was as if the witch had completely disappeared from the face of the Earth.

Instead, the Lioness Kingdom's situation seemed to get even worse with the Cantiaci Kingdom. Emery even heard a rumor that said war was already on the horizon.

It was unfortunate that Emery couldn't afford to involve himself in those kingdoms' politics.

It has been almost half a year since he returned and Emery still hadn't breakthrough to rank 8 yet. He needs to fully concentrate on his training.

Thinking about the Magic Academy, Emery suddenly thought about his four friends.

He wondered how they were doing. They were separated by thousands of miles and Chumo was literally on the other side of the planet.

Chapter 405: The Third Prince

Dongboyou, East China.

Somewhere in the midst of the mountainous terrain right outside the capital city of Bayou, existed a small, simple hut made of stone and wood. A young man could be seen walking out of the hut and stretching under the bask of morning light.

It was obvious the humble abode, if one could even call it that, was the place where the young man lived.

Unlike what one would usually expect from a person living in the middle of literal wilderness, Dangboyou Kingdom's citizens would be shaken if they could see the appearance of the young man. He was the third prince of the Dongboyou Kingdom.

It had been 2 years since he had banished from the palace and exiled to this god-forsaken place. Normal people would expect the man to go insane because of the inhumane treatment he received. After all, while it was easy to become extravagant from frugal, the same couldn't be said for the other way around.

But in reality, the young man actually felt the last two years he spent here were the happiest of his entire life. No more complicated court formalities he needed to go through every day, no more angry father and mean brothers, and, best of all, no more restraints and prohibition on his actions.

If it wasn't that he missed his mother, one of the king's concubines, he would definitely be enjoying himself to the fullest, being alone in the mountains.

Because of this place of exilement, that was basically ridden by people, he spent most of his time training the bow and sword skills taught by his esteemed mentor, while also cultivating the darkness element to the best of his ability.

The young man glazed over his palm, where a unique symbol could be seen on it.

[Chumo]

[Battle power 42 (31)]

[Spirit force 228 (158)]

[Darkness spirit - High foundation]

[Acolyte rank 7]

Looking at the number that etched on the familiar transparent window in his mind, the young man, Chumo, muttered, "I am not going to let Emery take all the attention again next year..."

After glancing over the stats one last time, Chumo was about to return to his routine, when something in this particular morning caught his attention. From afar, he could faintly hear a sound of rumbling.

Not long after, Chumo could see a group of horses slowly make their way towards his modest hut, as they traversed the rocky mountain path.

A group of soldiers, with an attire that was familiar to his eyes.

"Prince Chumo, His Majesty, the King has summoned you. Please come with us as per His Majesty's order."

And just like that, his two year of undisturbed peace had come to an abrupt end.

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In all honesty, Chumo wasn't really excited about the prospect of returning, much less in order to see the King. However, it couldn't be denied, it had been two years since he last saw his mother - an opportunity he would definitely jump into at any chance.

When he once again entered the city where he was born, Chumo was surprised when he saw the commotion happening inside the city. It seemed there was a huge ceremony planned, as he could see many court officials making their way to the royal palace.

"There's no way they are welcoming me back with such a grandiose, right? There's no way..." Chumo muttered under his breath.

As Chumo had expected, there was indeed a reason for the King to summon him after all the years of exile. Apparently, he was recalled because there was an important event that he needed to join - one that carried extreme significance.

A journey in search of the Sacred Bow of Da Mul, a legendary weapon that existed in the Dongboyou Kingdom.

In addition, it wasn't only him who was being summoned.

All three princes of the kingdom were being summoned for the endeavor. The eldest prince, Prince Daeso, the second prince, Prince Yunso, and the third and last prince, Prince Chumo.

The moment the important officials and the princes entered the palace, the welcoming ceremony to begin this event was immediately held. It was a simple ceremony that was carried by the Shrine Priestess. However, the importance of this ceremony caused the princes to follow it carefully.

Under the eyes of the court officials, as well as the King, the Shrine Priestess spoke to the three princes of the Dongboyou Kingdom. "Heed these words, oh descendants of Your Majesty. The moment you leave the palace, you will no longer be the princes of Dongboyou Kingdom. You must never reveal your true identity, no matter how difficult the situation you face throughout the journey."

The Shrine Priestess retreated back after saying those words out loud. Shortly after, the voice of the Dongboyou Kingdom's absolute ruler resounded through the air.

"The journey in search of the Sacred Bow will be long and treacherous. Therefore, your strength and wits will be tested to see if you are worthy of the Sacred Bow. Do you understand?"

Together, the three princes replied. "Yes, Your Majesty."

Upon hearing the positive reply, the King swiftly waved his hand and said, "Be on your way."

Chumo only had a limited amount of time to visit his mother, as he had to go on the journey before the sun descended, but he was happy to see her living quite well despite his absence for the past two years.

Knowing that his mother would be fine living in the city, Chumo gave her a goodbye hug, before going on the journey.

...

The three princes each took a horse from the royal stables and galloped together towards their destination.

If Chumo had to be honest, he didn't have even a speck of care about the throne, nor the so-called sacred bow. He was just happy he could spend some time with his brothers again.

Even though the relationship between them wasn't exactly the best, no matter how bad their relationship was, Chumo still remembered the time they played and grew up together.

Because of that, he was doing his best to be a good little brother throughout the journey.

However, it was apparent that what Chumo showed wasn't enough for his two older brothers. The two apparently came with a different purpose than the one the King gave to them.

Shockingly, the two of them wanted to deal with Chumo, who was still naively nice to them, both had been grudging over his existence, because of how Chumo's mother nearly made their mother lose the position she had. A situation where the queen lost the favor of the king due to one concubine, Chumo's mother.

It also wasn't helpful that Chumo was too trusting of his brothers. After all, who would expect their blood siblings to willingly do harm to them?

As a result, Chumo was poisoned by the two and thrown into quicksand in a swamp located somewhere.

"I'm sorry, brother. We will not let you return home."

"Blame it on your mother, brother."

The words of his two brothers struck Chumo's heart, deeply piercing it and leaving an unmended hole.

The paralyzed Chumo could only watch as his two brothers bolted away, abandoning him, whose body was slowly pulled by the quicksand.

At this moment, Chumo was entirely devastated. He was completely caught off guard by his brothers' cruel actions.

How could he be so stupid and trust them so blindly?!

Chumo felt so disappointed by what happened, but he also found amusing that he, an acolyte of the universe-renowned Magus Academy, would die because of quicksand.

Then, when he thought that he was going to spend his last moments in peace, Chumo heard a sound heading in his direction. A group of merchants passed through the area he was in and saved him.

It was then that Chumo met the beautiful young lady of the famous merchant clan.

Chapter 406: The legendary Bow

Chumo spent two days in total, being treated by this group of merchants, who surprisingly were members of an esteemed clan.

As it was still part of the quest from the king, he didn't reveal his identity despite the questions asked to him.

The young lady from Clan was strangely very caring and attentive towards Chumo, who was a total stranger.

"My name is Sosoeno What's yours?"

"..."

Unfortunately, every time he met a beautiful girl, he finds himself unable to speak, the more beautiful the girl the harder it was.

"Erm.. maybe you are still unwell?"

"..."

Receiving no response from the young man before her, the young lady hesitantly spoke the words that barely hung on her tongue. "...Ermmm, are you... mute?"

At her definite offensive words, Chumo only shook his head.

"You're a bit strange, aren't you? fortunately, you are cute." The young lady said with a smile.

"..."

It seemed the two would get along really well. A proactive woman would certainly be a good match for Chumo. She reminded him of a certain beautiful girl who was already taken by his friend.

The next day, Chumo decided to continue on the journey, as he had returned to his peak condition. But then, as he was about to bid farewell, the merchant group was suddenly attacked by bandits, who were obviously trying to rob their merchandise.

At the moment, the merchants were completely surrounded, as their ratio with the bandits was five to one. As they watched the apparent cruelty the bandits showed, the merchants thought they would lose all their goods here, or worse, their life.

Thus, at this exact moment, the quiet and detached young man who they saved suddenly did something that they didn't even dare to imagine for their entire life.

Realizing that these bandits were helpless, Chumo decided to reveal his real prowess

[Immortal Gate - stage 3]

[Battle power 50 (39)]

Faint layers of energy swiftly enveloped Chumo's body, flailing wildly in the air with a bow and arrows in his hand.

The arrows had arrived at its destined fate as Chumo nocked the bow. In the blink of an eye, half a dozen arrows flew and arched through the air as they made their way toward the bandits.

Chumo didn't remain idle, as he immediately dashed, with sword in his hand, after firing the arrows.

There were still too many bandits and more of the merchant's guards were killed.

When the girl was in danger, something magical happened to Chumo more amazing than casting a tier 5 spell.

Chumo amazingly was able to shout at the Girl? "Sosoeno!"

He then immediately cast a spell and the area was completely shrouded by smokes that obstructed vision. The young lady and the others could only hear dozens of screams behind the smoke. It was apparent they came from the bandits who fell one by one.

When the smoke dissipated and everyone regained their vision, the merchants were shocked to find only Chumo and they still left standing. All the bandits were lying on the ground, either dead or severely injured.

When the predicament was solved, Chumo decided to continue his journey. On that day the merchant group's precious goods were safe from the bandit, but their lady's heart was not.

Little did he know that from that moment on, rumors of a mysterious young man possessing untold powers began to spread.

-

Left behind for three days, Chumo swiftly continued on his journey. He headed to the place where the legendary bow was hidden as fast as he could.

As he galloped through the plains, Chumo wondered if this bow was considered as a high tier artifact. If it was, then perhaps he could bring it together with him to the academy.

After three days of constant galloping, only stopping when absolutely needed, Chumo finally arrived at the mountainous area, where the cave hiding the legendary bow was said to be located. He swiftly followed the clues given and eventually found said cave.

To his surprise, Chumo could hear his brothers' voices when he reached the mouth of the cave. It was clear they were currently inside the cave.

Without further ado, Chumo used [Shadow Step] as he began to sneak inside, moving undetected to one corner of the cave.

There, he saw his two brothers standing in front of an altar. At first glance, it looked unassuming, ordinary even. However, one's glance would instantly be attracted by the giant bow that was placed right on top of it.

The quest given by their father was only to find the bow. Alas, in front of the legendary bow that once belonged to the ancestor of the Dongboyou Kingdom, the two princes couldn't resist the allure and tried to grab the bow.

Prince Daeso the oldest grab the bow and tried to pull it from the altar. The moment he did so, a gust of wind suddenly blew across the cave interior, which startled the three people inside for a while.

The two brothers, as well as Chumo, swiftly returned their attention to the bow. It was almost as tall as an adult human and there was one particular issue with it. The bowstring was not attached to the bow.

The eldest Prince Daeso tried to string the bow - he used his entire strength until his entire face became almost completely red, but the attempt was in vain. Him, who was known as the mighty prince, was unable to bend the bow and strung it with the string.

Unwilling to give up, Prince Daeso tried once again.

"Just a little bit...."

"Little bit more..." he muttered, while subconsciously gritting his teeth.

Seeing that all his brother's attempts were an inch short to succeed, Prince Yunso encouraged him.

"Brother, gather your strength."

Even though he had followed his younger brother's advice, Prince Daeso still failed.

"Weird, there is no bow that you can't string in this world. So why can't you string this bow?" Prince Yunso said, his thoughts flickering. "Let me try it, brother."

Alas, he also met the same fate when he tried to attach the string. The two were unable to bend the bow. In the end, they finally put the bow back to its original place, bowed at it and left the cave. After all there quest to find the bow has been completed.

When the two exited the cave, Chumo walked out of the corner where he hid earlier. It was his turn. Just like his brothers, he picked up the bow and tried to bend the bow.

Chumo felt something strange when his hands touched and held the bow. Now that he tried to string it with all his strength, that sensation became even stronger.

Tap!

A sound could be heard, as Chumo managed to string the legendary bow, restoring it to its original condition.

He smiled happily because he was able to do something his two brothers couldn't.

Immediately, Chumo tried to draw the bow. It was such a great feeling - to be able to draw the giant legendary bow.

But then, the next thing that suddenly happened froze him in his elation.

Creaackkk!!

The bow broke, split into two in his hands. The Dongboyou Kingdom's Sacred Bow was destroyed by Chumo's hands.

"No... no... no... no..."

A series of frantic murmurs resounded throughout the cave, as Chumo tried to think of a solution to salvage the situation.

In the midst of his devastation, Chumo suddenly felt a deluge of spirit force coming out from the bow and entering his body!

At this moment, he felt an indescribable energy filling his entire body.

[Spirit force has increased exponentially]

[Spirit force 250 (185)]

The Sacred Bow's energy was absorbed into Chumo's body, while the latter could only watch in shock. At the same time, another notification popped into his mind.

[You have learned a new skill - Eye of the Raven]

Chumo was so excited! Finally, something to brag to his other 4 friends.

The broken sacred bow, the betrayal of his brothers, and the meeting with the merchant clan.

At that time, Chumo still hadn't realized it yet, but he was slowly destined to fight against his own kingdom by the cruel hand of fate.

Chapter 407: The Centurion

Throughout the last 400 years, the Roman Republic had gradually cemented itself as a hegemony, occupying a vast territory.

They had tremendously expanded from a mere average city of 3 square miles into a superpower that conquered 720.000 square miles worth of land, stretching from Europe to the Asian and African continent.

To achieve glory in the society the Romans lived in, every citizen had to excel in matters regarding the battlefield.

One of those citizen was a young man named Julian Kaesar.

After his return from the Magus Academy, Julian swiftly made his way back to the legion he was stationed in.

The legion was commanded by a man called Manius Aquillius and they were deployed to hold the post in the Anatolian peninsula, located east of Rome, also known as Asia Minor.

He returned to his position of centurion in one of the centuries of the 5th cohort, where Julian was given the authority to lead 80 legionnaires

Julian spent his first few months putting the knowledge he acquired from the academy into practice. The knowledge mainly came from the Path of Command he learned at the academy and the things he was taught from the Harlight family.

The 10 contubernia, each consisting of 8 men, were all taught and prepared by Julian in the art of combat, strategy and survival. Also, the most important thing he tried to instill in them was to put absolute trust in their commander and the compatriot that fought next to them.

In just a few months, Julian had succeeded in achieving the vision he had set for the legionnaires he led. He, together with his men, had received an exemplary recognition that allowed his whole century to be upgraded into the first cohort and turned into a century the size of 160 legionnaires; with it was the direct access to the legatus himself.

At this point of time, Julian had earned his place among the elites of the Roman army with his own prowess. He even started acquaintance with some of the local officials that he believed would help him increase his career further.

Then, finally, the long-expected war of the Anatolian peninsula broke out.

The situation in the peninsula was divided into two sides. The Romans' controlled cities on the western side were joined by Bithynia and Capadocia as allies. Meanwhile, the opposite side were the coalition army of Pontus and Armenian.

The origin of the war started when the Pontus King, Mithridates the Sixth, destroyed the Roman's ally Capadocia and killed its king.

The Roman Republic only had one legion of 6000 legionnaires in the area. When the war started, two auxiliaries were quickly raised and; added with the Bithynia army, the total number stationed for this war was 70,000 men. However, despite the already massive number, the other side had nearly 200,000 people under them.

The war that started to be called 'Mithridates War' suddenly turned one sided, where the Roman side was the one badly beaten. It was also at this time that Julian learned about his country's inflated arrogance as well as limitations.

In just the first few weeks, Roman's ally, the Bithynia, was crushed by the coalition army with a death toll reaching a staggering 30,000 men.

Now that the situation had turned into a five against one battle, the Roman then finally became wary. A message containing a request for more legionnaire reinforcement was sent to the capital, but alas, no reply would be soon enough to change the outcome of what was coming.

Julian along with the other 6000 legionaries was threatened to be surrounded by the coalition as the latter made their way to the west.

Manius Aquillius, the legatus and supreme commander of the legion, decided to hold his stand and fight against the incoming enemy, despite the many suggestions of retreating.

Julian was invited to the strategy meeting. He saw for himself how the legatus decided to keep fighting, even when facing imminent defeat. It was both a display of pure bravery and foolishness.? Unfortunately, as a soldier, he can only accept the decision.

In the end, the whole legion stood against the waves of the coalition army.

"Hold the line!!!"

An order loudly resounded in the air as the legionnaires marched toward the enemy.

Julian, He himself had no fear for this battle, With his battle power and the [Stone Skin] that he cast under his armor, he was completely impervious to anything. None of the enemy's swords, arrows, or even javelin could injure him.

The young centurion stands in the front, with sword and shield leading his men into battle. At that battle, Julian once again made a name for himself.

However, he also saw all those men he trained, the people he got acquainted with, fall to their death one by one.

The battlefield was littered with blood and countless bodies. It was a massacre.

Eventually, the battle was lost when the main cohort was destroyed and the Roman legatus was captured.

Julian tried to save as many legionnaires as he could while retreating. However, the coalition army made sure to keep chasing those who fled until whoever left retreated to the island of Rhodos across this sea.

What was left of the legion can only accept the news of the loss of all the auxiliaries army, as well as the news on how their legatus was given a death sentence by pouring molten gold down his throat.

When Julian thought it can't be worse, King Mithridates the sixth, who wasn't satisfied with only chasing out all the Roman soldiers, ordered the eradication of all Romans and Italics civilians that had been residing on the western territory of Minor Asia.

The war ended with a death toll of 100.000 men from both sides, as well as the 100.000 Romans and Italic civilians. This event became later known as the first genocide in the history of humankind, labeled as the Asiatic Vespers.

In the end, this defeat and the brutality of war created a permanent mark in Julian's mind and heart.

Chapter 408: Politics

The loss that the Roman Republic received, as well as the following cruel massacre that happened in the Anatolia peninsula, led to the thorough recall of the Roman troops and citizens from the said region.

The remaining legionnaires of the defeated legion, who mostly took shelter in Rhodos Island, were all called back to the capital city of Rome. Among these people were Julian, who still carried out the responsibility he had as a centurion of the first cohort.

As he was the only centurion who managed to escape from the coalition army's pursuit, Julian did his best to lead the fifty or so survivors, which included a dozen of his men, back to Rome safely.

The moment they arrived at Rome, Julian was surprised that they weren't punished by the kingdom nor scolded by the people. Instead, they received a grandiose welcome befitting that of a hero.

Julian even heard that there was a report saying how the defeated legion was able to kill ten enemy troops for each of the legionnaires' deaths. The exaggeration even went so far that the Pontus King, Mithridates the Sixth, was depicted to have the appearance of a 4 meter tall monster that ate kids for breakfast.

The surviving legionnaires rode through the sea of people, while the people of Rome would throw flowers at the former as a sign of their appreciation. However, for Julian, each flower that was thrown reminded him of the javelin and arrow that killed his men.

On his return, this time, Julian learnt a very valuable lesson of how propaganda being used.

He of course would not say anything that would challenge the decision of the Republic of Rome. If he really wishes to make changes he needs to reach a higher rank within the Roman leadership hierarchy.

In the end, Julian was glad to be home. He managed to spend time with his little sister.

With so many battles that were happening throughout the last few months, finally returning to Rome gave Julian more time to continue his cultivation which had gone stagnant due to the former reasons.

[Julian Kaiser]

[Battle power 44 (33)]

[Spirit force 206 (131)]

[Earth spirit - mid foundation]

[Fire spirit - mid foundation]

[Acolyte rank 7]

Julian realized that he must have been left in the dust by his other friends. Therefore, he needed to train harder than ever. In addition, he was also sure that sooner or later he would be summoned once again to fight on the battlefield.

Not long after, once again he and the dozen survivors of his century were quickly being absorbed by another legion. Fortunately this time it was a legion stationed at the capital city of Rome.

Julian was assigned under the leadership of Marcus Crassus, a magistrate and one of the richest men in Rome.

Under Marcus' tutelage, Julian learned many things about the senate and his knowledge became broader.

He learned the reason King Mithridates the Sixth won the war was a simple promise of tax exemption for five years.

He learned how the supreme commander of his previous legion, Manius Aquillius, decision to not retreat was actually forced by the senate.

Julian learned the ugliness of politics, and how being successful in it would easily decide the outcome of a battle.

All of these things were actually further proof of all the theories that Julian learned from the Path of Command.

There was a power beyond the strongest spell and the sharpest sword, and that was the battle command - the strategy, tactics, and schemes that went behind a war; hidden from the laymen's eyes.

Julian's intelligence was quickly noticed, he was invited to the legions formation reforms projects that were led by Marcus Crassus himself.

He became a high contributor in perfecting the legion system. From the number of legionnaires of each legion, their task and function, the weapons and skill needed, and of course the battle formation. These changes were well received and believed to increase the strength of the Roman legions for the future battle.

Unfortunately, Julian didn't receive any credit from those things as all of it was taken by Marcus Crassus. Even so, it was still beneficial for him to receive more favor from the most influential magistrate in the senate.

...

On one particular day, Julian was in the midst of cultivation when he was summoned by Marcus Crassus. The reason the man called him was to bring him to one of the greatest inventions the Romans had ever created.

The Colosseum.

Apparently, there was a special gladiator game being held today, and Marcus wanted Julian to see it.

It had been weeks ever since he came out due to the cultivation training, and Julian finally took a break and enjoyed Rome's greatest entertainment venue. The duo of mentor and mentee made their way through the streets of Rome as they headed toward the Colosseum.

Having seen the Magus Academy, which was obviously much more impressive and extraordinary, Julian honestly didn't feel the burning excitement that he used to feel when he saw the Colosseum.

However, even though he had lost the previous excitement and only came here today for his mentor, Julian decided to enjoy the show since he was already here.

Julian and his mentor entered the Colosseum and made their way to the VIP seat due to the exalted status the latter had. Then, the two began enjoying the apex display of bloodshed.

After some of the life-and-death battles commonly seen in the Colosseum, finally the main special event took place.

The arena master walked to the center of the Colosseum and shouted to the top of his lungs.

"Today, we will have special gifts for the people of Rome! A famous Thracian warrior, A deserter from the war against the barbaric Getae, would be executed for today's game!"

Julian's gaze immediately shifted when he heard the word 'Thracian'. As he did so, he was surprised to see Thrax enter the Colosseum arena.

Chapter 409: The Mercenary

Aaarggghhh!

With a loud whizzing sound, a spear pierced through the air and skewered through the bodies of Roman legionaries. The simple attack was enough to disrupt one of the formations.

A Thracian warrior dashed through the Roman encirclement. One hand was gripping a blood-stained spear tight and another held a whimpering girl's arm. The girl looked dirty, stains of blood and dirt littered all over her body and tattered clothes, but the warrior squeezed the girl's arm tight, as if trying to derive strength from her.

"Hold my hand! We are charging in!!"

In this particular battle, Thrax fought like a ferocious lion. Each swing of his spear killed all who dared to stand before him, leaving a long trail of corpses onto the bloodied land.

"Thrax, just leave me, save yourself!" The girl shouted in desperation.

"No, never!" Thrax gritted his teeth and thrust his spear, impaling the Roman soldier who tried to sneak up on them from behind.

Six months ago, when Thrax returned from the academy, he saw the horrific sight of his village being reduced to nothing but blackened ashes. He found that it was attacked by the Northern Getae barbarians.

The Romans and the Thracians were bound with a deal: they would assist each other whenever there was a war. However, a situation made the Roman to sacrifice Thracian villages to win a battle. These turned many Thracians who were at that time part of the Roman Auxiliaries units to desert the battlefield, return home to protect their families from their sworn enemies the Getae.

Their decision resulted in the loss of many Romans' lives, while their home was still burned and ransacked by their enemies.

Not only did they lose their home, the Thracians were also hunted down by the Romans to be punished.

Fortunately, Thrax returned just at the right time and he managed to find the dozens of survivors being chased around like rats. Included among them was Sara, his wife and childhood crush.

With the help of Thrax's abilities and the outstanding strength displayed by the remaining Thracian warriors, they managed to run and hide up on the mountains.

Hence for the last six months, Thrax lived together with his wife and several others. They started to create a group called the Dhii.

Within just those short few months, the Dhii, led by Thrax, became known for their ferocity in killing Romans and Getae alike, and their numbers started to grow.

The Thracians were well known for their love of battle and blood. Each time they returned, their body and clothes would be stained by the enemies' blood and remains. They started using their ability to do mercenary jobs, and now, they killed and joined fights for coins.

Thrax was not proud of what he did, but this was the only thing they could do to survive and protect their families.

Each day, Thrax's skills grew more ferocious, the blood of his enemies feeding his desire for battle and revenge. For each soldier who fell by his hand, his power grew.

Unfortunately for them, the Romans did not forget nor give up on them. Finally after six months had passed, they came. Full legions of Roman soldiers came marching up to the mountains where they stayed.

As a result, they had to fight for their lives.

"Don't let any of the Thracian dog escape!"

Splat! Splat!

The moment Thrax heard the distinctive marching sounds of the Romans, he quickly grabbed his trusted spear and his wife and proceeded to run through the encirclement as fast as he could. His strength was overwhelming and, despite having to protect his wife, his battle capabilities did not diminish in the slightest. None of those Romans could stop him.

[Vicious Barrage]

The spear moved so quickly to stab the enemies in front of him. Within the span of a few seconds, a dozen Roman soldiers fell and died. Gaping wounds could be seen right on their chest, the armor protecting them rendered useless by the sheer power of the thrusts.

Unfortunately. There were hundreds of soldiers who surrounded him and despite Thrax's relentless attacks, everything took a turn for the worst when his spear broke.

He tried to pick up the Romans' fallen spears, but none of those weapons could match his sheer strength. As a result, every few minutes it kept on breaking. During such a critical moment, the Romans managed to grab Sura and separated her from him.

"No!!! Don't you fucking dare!"

In desperation, Thrax resorted to breaking the formation using fists and stones, but finally, he stopped when he saw a familiar Roman officer he recognized holding his wife.

Cladous Grabba, the man who promised safety for his village in exchange for their cooperation in the war. It was this Romans word that made him and all the Thracian warriors in his village join the Roman auxiliaries

Thrax braced himself to use his skill, only to see the Roman put a gladius sword on her neck. The tip of the sword was close enough to draw a trickle of blood down her body.

Thrax gritted his teeth and decided to surrender.

"Do anything to me!! But leave my wife out of it!!"

The Roman soldiers surrounded him, each holding a spear in hand.

"Both of you and all the Thracian villagers, shall be condemned to slavery."

"No! No!! You will regret this, Romans!"

Before he could unleash his anger, multiple spears pierced his body and Thrax dropped to the ground, defeated.

"That's enough! Take him. I want him alive!' The roman officer saw what he likes when he saw the way Thrax fights, he has big plans for him.

--

The next thing he knew when he was awake were the loud sounds of thunder and crashing waves. Every so often, he felt salty water splashing onto his face.

He woke up on the hull of a ship. His arms were chained together and he was locked in a place together with a dozen others just like him.

The man who stood in front of him was a Thracian warrior he knew personally.

"Thrax! I thought you were dead. You have been out for days."

Thrax did not answer him. His eyes darted towards the people inside the ship, looking for someone.

"Sura! Sura!!"

He was devastated and in rage screaming to the top of his lung.

The Thracian in front of him shook his head and said.

"She's not here and... It'd be better if you forget about her"

Chapter 410: Gladiators

Like a wild animal, Thrax was unable to stop thrashing around, resisting his binds. It required double chains and multiple strong men to hold him down. If it wasn't for his multiple injuries and the fact he had barely eaten anything for the past few days, none of them would be able to suppress him.

Once he was finally caged, they delivered him to a huge estate on the hills of Capua.

"Welcome to the house of Batiatus!"

It was a gladiator's house, apparently one of the best in the entirety of the Roman Republic.

For the first few days, he was starved and dried on the court under the sweltering sun. On the fifth day, just when Thrax thought he was going to shrivel up from the heat, he was led to a great bathing area where he was showered and oiled.

The sensation of cool water on his burnt skin made him feel a bit drunk and his eyes heavy. The manservants bathing him were muttering amongst themselves, in voices that felt very far away, about a special guest who would see him tomorrow.

The next day he was in chains again, back in the center of the courtyard. Dozens of gladiators encircled him, intently observing his every move.

From the second floor balcony, Thrax could see the master of the house and his various guests seated around him. Suddenly, a flare of recognition. He realized one of them was the roman officer Galdius Glabber, the man who had captured him.

At that moment, Thrax's chains were loosened and he was tossed a wooden sword. He knew what this meant. He was being tested.

Four gladiators instantly surrounded him. Instead of attacking, he threw the sword to the side. He knew these gladiators were not the real enemy.

The gladiators charged at him as hard as they could, but Thrax could easily dodge them one by one.

Bam!! A straight punch to a gladiator's face effortlessly broke his nose. Thrax could feel the bones crack underneath his fist; when he pulled away, it was dripping with blood.

The master of the house gave another signal and all four ran towards him at the same time. But to Thrax, they were no threat. He could defeat them with his bare hands.

With another gesture of the master's hand, four more rushed into the circle. Now there were eight gladiators attacking him all at once.

Thrax roared!

He used up all the strength he saved up these few days, for this one moment.

[Thrax]

[Battle power 55 (40)]

[Spirit force 198 (123)]

[Fire spirit - mid foundation]

[Acolyte rank 7]

[Immortal gate stage 4]

[Battle power 68]

Making the courageous gladiators start and unconsciously step back from the fight!

The minister Galdius Grabbar had seen the Thracian battle cry before and today everyone witnessed it with him.

But the gladiators were being thrown around like sacks, forcing them to surrender under the hands of this monstrous beast.

More came and joined the fight, as if to prove their worth. But all those powerful gladiators only required one hit from Thrax to be struck down. A single punch or kick sent them flying across the courtyard and, after a few minutes of fighting, Thrax was quickly recognized as an undefeated opponent by even the most senior gladiators.

At this moment, Thrax suddenly used the chance to jump to the second floor location, trying to grab that damned roman minister.

All eyes were shocked to see the Thracian flying upwards, charging with all his might. He must have propelled dozens of meters off the ground.

"Stop! Barbarian! Hurt me and you can forget about ever seeing your woman again!!"

The announcement made Thrax stop in his tracks. Just like that, he was forced to follow all of the commands of his new master.

Soon, a cycle of being chained and sent to multiple fights began. Still being undefeated, his presence became more and more renowned, until eventually the Bautitus house was invited to join the games in the capital.

Thrax was their main attraction. He was showered, dressed and oiled according to custom, like a legendary Thracian fighter.

Seen by ten thousand Roman citizens, Thrax was pitted against a whole unit of top roman gladiators.

Against all odds he was able to defeat them all. The undefeated Thrax was standing alone on top of the bloody sand. He raised his arms skyward and emitted a long, deep battle cry.

The high council of Rome was impressed at the performance he had just witnessed. He named Thrax victor, giving him the title of legendary Thracian warrior Spartacus.

The crowd roared. Tens of thousands of Roman citizens all chanted his name.

"Spartacus! Spartacus!"

Thrax had become a legend among all the gladiators. These fighters who stood beside him and against him only spoke with the language of power and Thrax being at the pinnacle of that power was idolized.

On that particular night, in the room he was provided with, he was paid an unexpected visit by the only Roman he could call a friend.

"Thrax, you barbarian scum, this is what happens when you only use your muscles to think!"

Unfortunately, the once cheerful Barbarian that Julian knew had changed. He was full of anger.

"I am in no mood for jokes, Julian."

Thrax had no worries about himself. He was worried about his wife. He needed a guarantee that she was protected and safe. That was the only request he asked from Julian.

Surely, Julian agreed to help. It was not that easy to find her. These days, there were far too many slaves within the Roman Republic. It was easy to lose track of people, especially women. A few days later, unfortunately, the only news he could deliver was utterly devastating.

Julian once more paid the famous gladiator a visit after a certain match to bring the bad news.

"I am sorry, brother... your wife... She committed suicide... weeks ago."

Julian braced himself for Thrax's wrath, which he was so famous for, but surprisingly Thrax remained completely still in the darkness of the room.

He did not scream nor did he cry, he was completely silent.

Julian left him there for a while, thinking of a way he could be able to help this pitiful friend of his.

"You hang on, Thrax! I will find a way to buy your freedom!"

A few days later, one of Julian's underlings ran to his chambers, breath ragged. The Batiatus house was apparently been set on fire, they were massacred and all the gladiator's had run away.

In a short time, Thrax has suddenly become the leader of the rebels against Rome